Religious Miscellany.

LIFE LILIES.

- I wandered down life's garden In the firsh of a golden day, The flowers and thorns grew thickly In the spot where I chanced to stray.
- I went to choose me a flower For life, for weal or for woe; On, on I went, till I stayed me By the spot where the lilles grow
- "Yes, I will carry a lily," I said in my manhood's pride, "A bloodless, thorntess fily Shall be my flower!" I cried.
- I stretched my hands out quickly To where the pale blossoms grew
- Was it the air that shivered? Was it a wind that blew? Was it my hands that scorched them?
- As I touched the blo-soms fair, They broke and reattered their petals On the sunny noontide air.
- Then I saw a great, bright angel Where the light flashed in the feathers
- He said. " Then hast sinned and suffered
- They are all for the little children. blems of purity.
- "Shall I never carry a lily?
- With his great eyes full of pity, The heavenly one replied: "When the heat of the day is over When the goal is won," he said, Ah, then I lay God's lilles
- In the hands of the stainless dead !" -All the Fear Round

Be Not Forgetful of Strangers.

A RINT FROM EXPERIENCE.

"Have you called upon Mrs. Alton yet?" inquired Mrs. Welling, one of the prominent ladies of Milton Center, of her friend, Mrs. Judge Milner. It was a charming afternoon. Mrs. Welling was taking her walks abroad, as many of her particular acquaintances as possible to see; each of whom she was rather fond of saying "belonged to the first circle of

"No, I really have not," was her friend's reply. Pretty Mrs. Milner toyed with her large fan, and continued, somewhat apologetically: "I don't like to call on strangers; at least, until they have become a little more our own townspeople. Don't you think it's so stiff and embarrassing? I suppose some of the other

"Well, no, I fancy not," returned the elder lady, gravely; "you know it's just now a busy time with us housekeepers. I thought that I would leave cards; but really, Mrs. Milner, my visiting circle is so large" (Milton Center had a population of some two thousand souls) "that I concluded, just for the present, to leave it to others of you to psy your compliments to these new arrivals. I understand that Mrs. Alton is of a very fine Boston family—once quite a leader of one of the first circles there; and Mr. Alton (so my husband tells me) is a remarkably superior man in every way. It seems they've been losing considerable money."

"Well, I must attend to the matter," said the really difficent young matron.

But I do dislike such calls dreadfully. It is so difficult for me to su-tain a con versation with entire strangers! Of sourse, everything that goes on in our community is uninteresting to them. Dr. Hill will visit them, I don't doubt; and a minister's coming always does much toward making a new family feel at home. I think, however, that I really must defer calling for a few weeks, at least. How does your new second girl turn out?"

they have concerning the newly-settled like, he felt an actual resentment, never family mentioned. Mr. Alton was an amiable, cultivated gentleman—compara-tively a young man. The sudden business reverses alluded to had brought about what he hoped would be merely a temporary change of residence, while he should hold the modest post offered him in one of the great manufactories of Milton Center. And his wife? Those who knew her in earlier and later days can testify to her noble mind, her graces of deportment, her sympathetic heart and her charming presence. Her sensibilities were delicate, her tastes cultivated. But the misfortunes of her husband, working upon an originally retiring spirit, had caused Cornelia Altor to shrink from all that social life of which she had been an unobtrusive but appre ciated ornament. Then had come her removal to the village scenes. More than all, to try her soul and cast down her buoyant nature utterly, her beloved and only sister had been called upward scarcely a month before Mrs. Alton found hersel and her household in the cottage at Milton Center. So much for the story of its new occupants.

Weeks and months passed by from the afternoon in which Mrs. Welling and kind-hearted Mrs. Judge Milner had talked of their respective calls on the quiet lady in whom they felt due interest. But those courtesies had not been rendered. Furthermore, owing to a similar remissness in the easy-going village, Cornelia Alton was still left a stranger in her new home. Perhaps it would not be as strange to those who did not know her. Those who did can best tell what others lost.

She was very lonely. The mental ex-ertion of reading she felt unuequal to sustain many hours. She had lost one faithful servant; but her little family was easily ordered; housekeeping dutie were light. She had once dearly loved her piano, and many had been delighted with her exquisite performance. many were the sad associations lingering around the instrument now. "By-and by," she would say to her husband : by. and-by, dear, I will practice again. I cannot now." And so the piano remained

closed and voiceless.

As Mrs. Judge Milner had surmised, excellent Dr. Hill, long since a widower, did call at Larkspur cottage. He called and came again, and was full of admiration for the sweet and submissive spirit of this new member of his flock. He respected the clear mind and simple dignity of her husband. Dr. Hill spoke of the Altons frequently and "really wished some of you ladies of the church would make an effort to draw them out more." Dr. Hill thought that the effort was in progress. It had never begun. Every-one was listlessly committing it to his and especially to her neighbor. Moreover, Dr. Hill's parish was large and his time for

'pastoral visiting" amply occupied.
What about that busy, kind-hearted Sorosis, the Doreas sewing society? Why, in the Dorcas, it was constantly remarked over seams and breadths that "that quiet-looking Mrs. Alton ought to receive more attention from us. She appears so very solitary." But almost algood-natured, unreflective Caldecott girls, would look up and say, "But don't you and the statement that Mrs. Alton could know, Mrs. Alton's in affliction—I don't now see nobody, even had she so desired know exactly what it has been-but she | -she was a very sick woman. The strain

looks dreadfully sad. I'm sure she would not fancy making herself agreeable to strangers. As for the society? Oh, she certainly would not come to it, even if we head. When she could, the physicians should give her a special invitation."

And none of any sort was given. Undoubtedly it would have jurred on Mrs.

Alton to accept such a thing from three or four notable ladies, duly appointed as a "committee." But what a pity that informally no courteous hint was dropped that her presence would be welcome when-ever in the future she felt the courage to meet the group, and that her absence now was permitted merely out of loving appreciation of he private sorrow.

So sped on the summer. Mrs. Alton remained yet "to be called upon" by Milton Center, to a degree that would have shocked at least some of its "first families" had they realized it. The grave, introspective lady at Larkspur cottage felt pained at her inexplicable solitude. She sought within herself for the fault, to be perplexed at not discovering it. Was this the rural kindness to the stranger within one's gates, of which she had read? Never had she found a whole metropolis so exclusive-or so neglected. Her husband had shared her surprise and her quietly-developing misconception of social feeling in the locality. Many, alas, were the lovely women in Milton Center whose hearts would have been drawn closely to Cornelia Alton's had they only exercised their courtesy in that necessary "first call." Mrs. Judge Milner never came by always meaning to come. Mrs. Welling was in the Catskills. Mrs. X, the Y. family and the Z₁, were "completely occupied—haven't a moment to spare"— with their successive guests during the warm weather, for Milton Center was a great place for summer visiting, and the quiet streets were livelier from July to October, and Dr. Hill's church fuller, than during all the rest of the year. It was the coolness and beauty of the place that reconciled Mrs. Alton, in her then mood, to life there. She sat by the windows in the afternoon and sewed, or gave herself up to her boy and girl. Often in the evenings the derelict in "that call" met her and her husband, accompanied by the children, taking a crepuscular stroll and courteous bows were exchanged. Two calls, however, the gentle lady had, that are worthy of record. Mrs. Dr. Barham came in state, as do the wives of doctors not infrequently, in order that people like not infrequently, in order that people like the Altons may understand that "my husband" is quite the old and leading physician of the place. Mrs. Alton knew that before. Mrs. Barham was a restless, opinionated woman. The lady of the cot-tage was not disposed to progress rapidly with her acquaintance, thought it might have been of use to her.

have been of use to her. The other call was from Mrs. General Cox-in her carriage, one afternoon-inspired to the long-deferred courtesy by the general's remark over his morning paper at breakfast: "My dear Annabel, that Alton seems a very clever fellow and his wife's a daughter of Jared Elliott of Boston. I wish you'd drop in there soon." So the general's wife stopped her horses and got ou', and was most gracious to the pretty, faded lady; even going so far as patronizingly to ask her to "step in and take a little ride down to the river and back. It will do you good." But unluckily Deborah was away and the children could not be left alone. Mrs. Cox had not the discernment to obviate the difficulty. The drive was declined; and before Mrs. Alton could return the call the general and his wife had unexpectedly gone on a long northern trip.

The summer was over. Autumn housekeeping absorbed Milton Center's attention. Mr. Alton was unusually engrossed and the conversation between the two and obliged to be away from home. It worthy ladies glided into a new channel.

It is hardly necessary to say more than solitary; but what could be do? Manbetrayed to his wife, for the course her neighbors had maintainted toward her. It stung him in a sensitive spot, and he worked doubly hard to try and transplant the family once more to more hospitable surroundings-a prospect which his affairs began now to suggest. But the vil-lage discourtesy was rarely mentioned between the pair; or if Mr. Alton exclaimed, on bidding her good morning, "My dear Cornelia, if I knew that you had a single cheerful friend here who could spend half this long, lonely day with you!" Alton would answer with a brave feiguing of indifference, "Oh, never mind, Paul; I shall be better acquainted here by and by. I have you and the children; that is enough." But Cornelia Alton introduced herself into some "circles Milton Center. They were not Mrs. Well ing's, however. The poor colored woman who washed for her, the Irish teamsters' wives, the distressed and infirm early learned the self-sacrificing and generous temperament of Cornelia Alton. Lonely and depressed within herself, she light ented the poverty and pain always at hand. One humble friend she really made-little Miss Tilt, the tailoress and dressmaker, who came to regard her as a veritable angel of mercy, and sought out with her many a spot where their joint ministrations were sorely needed; rewarded with tears and blessing.

It was in November, just when Milton Center had the fever of "arrangements," private and social, secular and religious, for the coming winter. Several persons had by this time again recollected that it was "quite time to call upon Mrs. Alton," and expected that that duty really must be performed to evolve its rainbow in their souls. Then one day came the news that sorrow had visited her instead of neighbors. Her youngest child had died of some infantile malady, in great agony, and after days and nights of devoted care and watching from the mother and father. Milton Center was somewhat shocked to learn that little Cora had been ill almost a fortnight! It must have "been very hard for Mrs. Alton"—so everybody ad-

But when it came to be positively understood that this gentle lady had had no woman friend to share her vigils and her grief; that she had passed the first three or four days of it alone, except for Deborah, until her husband could return from a far western city; that she and Paul Alton had, with God as their strength and companion, alone continued their hopeless watch and fainted not until the last agony was over—then the hearts of the village were indeed smitten. They realized that "nobody had ever called on poor Mrs. Alton, who came here in the spring." Remorse pieced the souls of Mrs. Welling, of Mrs. Judge Milner, of the X's and Y's and the Z's. Inquiries, flowers, delicacies, offers of assistance, these suddenly began to invade, as an host, gate of Larkspur cottage. But Miss Tilt, who had returned in haste from one of her rarely-enjoyed visits to a relative, when the heart-breaking letter of Mrs. Alton came to her with its sad news-Mrs. Sillinger, or one of the Miss Tilt received all such tardy demon strations with quiet acknowledgment, and the statement that Mrs. Alton could

ordered her to be instantly removed to a change of scene. She never returned to Milton Center. For just at this hour came the settlement of Paul Alton's financial affairs-a settlement unexpectedly favorable to him and all concerned in his difficulties. The lovely wife, who had endured his adversity so uncomplainingly, returned from her exile restored in bodily health and

with a noble wish to take up the duties of life once more, as God should point them out. But she returned to a new and sumptuous house in her dearly-loved city. and to the warm-hearted circle which had so missed her society. She came back, no longer the vivacious young wife of only a year before, but none the less charming to all in her chastened, spiritual grace, and none the less attractive to old and young, as the serene, graceful hostess or admired guest. The piano was once more heard beneath her touch, as the child that had been spared her grew older, and other little ones played about her knees.

She has never been known to say an unkind, even a critical word of the neglect of Milton Center to her. She is one of those women who prefer to pass over in silence what they cannot excuse. But, even while grateful for its tardy evidences of interest and sympathy, she remembers it almost as indeliby as her grief. She has never visited the place since leaving it. She strives to forget that summer there. The lonely impressions that her mind received there were not to be obliterated by the thought of a few last days, when she lay crushed and half-conscious of life. It is a pity, for her ideas of Milton Center's people are wrong; must rest such, not to her forgiving spirit's blame. Miss Tilt is her only visitor from the quiet community, and although Mil-ton Center often speaks of Mrs. Alton, and wishes that she would return for a visit to its charming shades, and although Mrs. Welling and the judge's wife boldly "called" upon Mrs. Alton effusively in her elegant mansion, the calls have never been returned, and whenever Miss Tilt and she are together Milton Center is scarcely alluded to. Mrs. Alton and her quiet friend talk on topics which are pleasanter. - Christian Intelligencer.

Mew Advertisements.

The Greatest Blood Purifier ON EARTH, This Great German Medicine is conceed of Yellow Dock, Mandrake centian, Dandellon, Juniper Berics, etc., combined with the Exercit of Sulphur, which makes it Greatest Blood P BLUE PILLS or arsenic, they are dendly Place your trust in SUL-PHUR BITTERS, the pur est and best medicine ever

Is Your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and ofour Sulphur Bitters our Sulphur Bitters our Don't wait until you have no unable to walk, or are flat on your back, out get some atonee, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is The Invalid's Friend. The young, thouged and tot-tering are seen made well by its use. Remember what you IT IS

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WARRANTED TO CURE, OR THE MOMET REFERENCE, the following diseases without medicine: PAIR IN THE BACK, HIPS, HEAD OF BILITY, RHEUMATISM, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, SCIAT-ICA. DISEASES OF THE KIDSEYS. STINAL DISEASES, TORFID LIVER, GOUT, Seminal Emissions, Impotency, Asthma. Heart Disease, Dyspepsia, Constitution, Ery-spelas, Indigestion, Hernia or Rupture, Catarrh, Piles, Epilepsy, Damb Ague, etc.

When any debility of the GENERATIVE ORGANS cours, Lost Vitality, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Wasting Weakness, and all those diseases of a personal nature, from whatever cause, the continuous stream of Magnetism permeating through the parts must restore them to a healthy action. There is no mistake abou

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TO THE LADES! If you are sellicted with Lame Back, weakness of the Spine, Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhea, Chronic Infismation and Ulceration of the Womb, incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Falling is Spires and Linguistry Memoritation and Ulceration of the Womb, incidental Hemorrhage or Flooding, Falling is Spires and Carallian Spires and Caralli

THE MAGNETON APPLIANCE CO., 218 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Note.—Send one dollar in postage statups or currency in letter at our risk), with size of shoe usually worn, and try a pair of our Magaettic Insoles, and be convinced of the power residing in our other Magnetic Appliances. Positively no cold feet when they are worn, or money refunded.

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Crick, Sprains, Wronches, lineumatica, Sciatica, Pains, Bitch in the Side, lackache, Swellen Joints, Heart Disease, Sore Muscles, Pain in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-scated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known Hop Plaster. Compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Guna, labams and Extracts, it is indeed the beef pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Forcus Phaster ever made. Hop Plasters are sold by all druggists and country stores. 25 cents or five for 51 90.

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Hew Advertisements.

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THE HERITAGE OF WOE,

Misery, shame and sgony often bequeathed as a sole legacy to children by parents, is regrected Scrofols. To cleanse the blood of this hereditary poleon, and thus remove the most would cause of human suff-ring, to cleanse the skin of defiguring humes, itching tortures, humilisting evaptions, and toathsome sores caused by it, to purify and beautify the skin, and rest re the hair so that no trace of the disease emails, CUTICHES RESOLVENT to new blood purifier, directed and aperient, and CUTICHES ASSAULTED ASSAULTE

I HAD SALT RHEUM

In the most argravated form for eight years. No kind of treatment, und che or doctors did me any permanent good. My fries de in Malden know how I suffered, when I began to use the Cutricua Rimmelize my limbs were so raw and tender that I could not bear my weight on them without the skin crackleg and bleeding, and was obliged to go whout on cruiches. Used the Cutricua Rimmelize five months, and was completely and permanently cured. Mas. S. A. BROWN, Malden, Mass. References: Any citizen of Malden, Mass.

I have been splitted with troublesome skin disease, covering almost completely the upper part of my body, causing my skin to assume a copper-colored hue. It could be rubbed off like dandruff and at times caused intol-rable litching and the most interse suffering. I have used blood purifiers, pills, and other advertised remedies, but experienced no relief until I procured the Cuticus. Examples, which sithough used carelessly and treatment, cured me, allaying that terrible litching, and treatment, which should be sufficiently to make shidavit to the truth of this sistement.

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Sold by all druggists. Cuticuna, 50 cents; Resolvent, \$1; Soar, 25 cents. Potten Daug and Chemical Co.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



Sanford's Radical Cure, The Great Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine. Canadian Fur, Marigoid, Clever Biossom, etc.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Core of every form of Catarrh, from a simple H ad Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchits, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent and never fulling.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, sil in one package, forming a complete treatment, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. Forran Daug and Chemical Co., Boston.



COLLING For the relief and prevention, the Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness,
Hysteria, Female Pains, PalpitaUson, Dyspeptis, Liver Compiaint,
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(an Electric Pattery combined
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at pain. 25 cents everywhere.

(Continued from last week.) How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements intro-

duced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases. Under the old methods, each part of a

silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver,

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Ph delphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made. (To be continued.)

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER L.

"I was taken sick a year age With billions fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I get sick again, with terrible pains in my back and side, and I got so bad I

Could not move! I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to GET Sick.-Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know hom to get well, which is answered in three words-Take Hop

OF ANOTHER AGE.

Gradually Supplanted by a Better Article, Certain Old Things are Done Away. In the general reception room of the Western Union Telegraph building on Broadway, New York, are ex-

hibited the coarse, crude and clumsy instruments of the infancy of the telegraph. They are only relics now. infancy of the telegraph. They are only relics now. More perfect machinery has superseded them. Years ago what is now styled the old-fashioned porous pleaser did some good service. There was then nothing better of the kind. Now all that is changed. Science and study have gone derver into the secrets of medicine and produced BENSON'S CAPCINE PORQUES PLASFER, which embodies all the excellencies thus far possible in an external remedy. The old plusters were slow—the Capcine is rapid; they were uncertain—the Capcine is sure. Cheaper articles bear similar names. Be careful, therefore, that some thrifty druggist does not deceive you. In the ceuter of the genuine is call the word CAPCINE. Price 22 cents.

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Stop Before You Begin! A PLAIR TALE WITH TOURS MEN.

A young man, who had just lost an ex-cellent situation by a two days' "spree," came into my study lately, and said to me: "Doctor, I cannot understand how it is that I should have made such a fool of myself and thrown away my chance for a living. This is almost killing my little wife." I replied to him: "There is no mystery about your case. You have been tampering with drink a long while, trying to jump half way down Niagara. You ought to have stopped before you began. It would not have cost you one-hundredth part as much effort to have signed a total part as much enter to have signed a total abstinence pledge several years ago as it will now to break loose from this terrible habit." I entreated my friend to grapple his weakness to God's strength; he signed a pledge of entire abstinence, and went away with the desperate look of a man who is pulling for life in the rapids, in full sight of the cataract.

That young man is a fair representa-

tive of a sadly numerous class who "lock the stable-door after the horse is stolen.' He may possibly be saved, but so as by fire. My plain talk to-day is with those who have not yet flung themselves into the rapids. I wish to give half a dozen common-sense reasons for letting every intoxicating drink (whatever its name) entirely alone. He who never touches a drop will assuredly never become a drunkard. Prevention is easy, is safe, is sure; reformation is difficult, and with some persons is well-nigh impossible. The Jews were commanded to build battlements around the flat roofs of their dwellings in order to prevent the children from falling over into the street. To put up the parapet cost but little; but the want of it might cost broken bones; and alse what human power could recall a dead darling to life? I am always thankful that I took a pledge of entire abstinence in early boyhood. But for that battlement I might have been ruined by the drinking usages which were deplorably prevalent in my college. "Stick to the teetotal," said a shrewd old kinsman to me when I started for college, and now, after forty years, I wish to commend the bridge that carried me safely over.

The first argument, my young friend, for total abstinence is that no healthy person needs an alcoholic beverage; and even invalids had better be careful how they tamper with it as a medicine. Sir Henry Thompson and several other dis-tinguished British physicians have delib-erately declared that "alcoholic beverages cannot, in any sense, be considered neces sary for the maintenance of healthy life that it is not a food in any true sense of that term; and that the steadlest and best work is best done without it." stone, the heroic explorer of Central Africa, was both a physician and a teeto-taler. His testimony was: "I find that I can stand every hardship best by using water and water only." I entreat you not to fall into the delusion that you can do any honest work the better by firing up your nerves with alcohol. If you do you will have to increase the fuel constantly in order to produce the effect. Solid food and sound sleep are all you require. Even as a tonic medicine, wine and bourbon may cover up a great deal; they cure but very little. Several friends I have known to be decoyed by them into drunkenness

and disgrace.

Therein lies a second reason for avoiding all intoxicants. They are deceitful. Not only the sting of the serpent, but the subtlety of the serpent is in them. The deception lies in the fact that the habit of drinking will become confirmed before you suspect it. That young man who came into my study so tortured with the adder's bite, never dreamed at the outset that he was playing with a rattlesnake. Every alcoholic drink has in it this quality, that it never satisfies, but awakens a constant demand for more. A small glass creates a thirst for a larger; one draught only whets the appetite for a second. This is not the case with any wholesome food or beverage. Bread and beet do not breed excess; one glass of milk does not arouse a morbid thirst for two the next time. But this horse leech quality in alcoholic liquors, which cries "give, rive," and is never satisfied, is the very thing that makes them so dangerous This it is which makes it so difficult to drink wine or brandy moderately and so easy to fall into drunkenness. A healthful beverage satisfies appetite; a hurtful one, like wine or brandy, stimulates appetite until it becomes an uncontrollable frenzy. This I regard as the Creator's law against alcohol; and when you take your first social glass you begin to play with a deadly serpent. You may say: "Every one who drinks liquors does not become a sot." Very true, but every sot drinks liquors; and not one in a million ever expected to become a sot when he began with his champagne or his "sherry cobbler." Will you run the risk? I would not. The two reasons why I am a teetotaler are that I dare not trust myself, and I dare not tempt others by my example. The most deplorable wrecks are

those of men or women who at the outset considered themselves perfectly strong and invulnerable. Nothing from the pen of Dickens can surpass a heart-rending letter which I received from a cultured gentleman (then in an almshouse), who leclared that he traced all the misery of his life directly to the "first glass he ever drank at the N— house, in the capital of Ohio." First glasses have peopled hell! With whatever "odds" in your favor, will you run the fearful hazard? Then before you begin! A third reason why alcoholic drinks are dangerous is that it is the peculiar prop-erty of alcohol to strike directly to the

brain. Some drugs have an affinity for the heart; others for the spine. glass of brandy aims for the brain, as a hound makes for a hare. In striking the brain it overturns the throne of the reason and turns a man into a maniac. Like the shot in a naval battle, which hits "between wind and water," the alcoholic death-shot strikes where body and mind meet, and sends both to the bottom. No brain is proof against it.

The mightiest man, intellectually, whom ever saw in America, I once saw pitiably drunk! Alcohol is no respecter of persons; the giant and the idiot are struck down alike by its stiletto. You might as well put the pistol to your brain and make swift, sure work with it as to poison your brain by the slower and equally deadly process of the bottle. Ninety-nine hundredths of all the suicides in the land began with a thoughtless glass. Stop, my friend, before you begin!

All intoxicating drinks are more dangerous in this country than in almost any Security as good in every way as we have formerly had at seven. Loans run three to five years. Interest semi-annual. Seven per cent again, prouably, arter January 1st, 1884. Best of References all around you. Write at once for farther particulars, if you have money to lead. Address. D. S. B. JOHNSTON & BON, Negotiators of Mortgage Losses, St. Paul. Mins.

[Please mention this paper.] other from the nervous temperament of

true of our young men. One unanswersble proof of the difficulty of stopping the drink-habit is found in the fact that so very few are actually reformed. Not onetenth of those who enslave themselves to the bottle ever break loose, even though they cry out in their sober moments:
"Would to God that I might never taste
another drop!" There was a touching
pathos in the speech of one of our "boys in blue" to the police magistrate, after he was arrested for drunkenness. He held up a whiskey flesk, and said: "Your honor, the only enemy that ever con-quered me is that !" Yet he admitted that

enemy himself and could not dislodge it. I might multiply arguments in favor of total abstinence as the only certain safeguard. The grace of God is powersaleguard. The grace of God is power-less if you voluntarily yield to tempta-tion. It is a defiance to the Almighty for you to leap into the rapids and ex-pect him to save you from the cataract. No small part of my own life has been spent in bootless efforts to save those who were in the swift and treacherous current. The remainder of it shall be spent in endeavoring to prevent young men from embarking on the stream which is all music and mirth at the starting-point and all death and damnation at the bottom. Tons of arguments and appeals have been printed on this vital question, "how to save young men from strong drink;" but they may all be condensed into one line—
"Stop before you begin!"—Theodore L.
Cuyler, in Independent.

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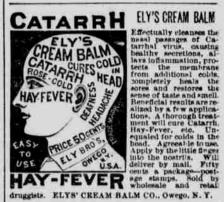
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